

Peru is in a bad way, financially. New Guinea is to be annexed to Australia. The attempted revolution in San Domingo proved a failure.

Russia's debt on the 1st of January was £470,000,000, and is constantly increasing.

A limless body has been seen in the water near Milwaukee, and it is surmised that it may be Donaldson's.

Ned O'Balwin, the "Irish Giant," was shot in a rum shop in New York, last week, and it is feared fatally wounded.

The revolution in Sonora has been terminated by a defeat of the insurgents. Martial law has been proclaimed and quiet reigns.

King Louis II of Bavaria is writing to celebrate the dedication of the monument erected to the memory of his father by a general amnesty.

The recent gale on the English coast was very destructive to property as well as life on the coast. In Liverpool nearly every building was more or less injured.

The report that George Eliot is writing a new novel is confirmed, but the other report that it will illustrate American life is denied, as every body supposed it would be.

The loss by the destruction of the Rockland prior works at Haverstraw, N. Y., Sunday week, only reaches \$285,000 instead of \$500,000, and is fully covered by insurance.

The state of Massachusetts is in debt fifteen million dollars on account of the Boston tunnel, and is now adding to this debt a million dollars a year on the same account.

The eastern democrats who don't want Mr. William Allen elected governor of Ohio are depressing. Some of them will be saying so about soon, with a little encouragement and prodding.

Franklin Rose Rubenstein, a young Jew rabbi, who gave a course of lectures on the subject of "Kara Agra," has received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Leipzig.

The man-of-war Serapis, which is to convey the prince of Wales to India, is not off yet, after all, but has been ordered into Plymouth for a careful examination of her engines by the first engineers of the British navy.

Elwin Broth's injuries in his recent accident prove much more serious than at first supposed, for, though his broken ribs have knit together well, his left side is still very sore and he is unable to lift his left arm from his side.

Carl Schurz, in his speech at Cincinnati, Monday, defended himself from the charge of seeking to influence Independent voters to vote the Republican ticket in 1876. He did not wish to commit any one, and would not commit himself.

California has a special state election, this fall, for superintendent of public schools, and the republican candidate is "Professor" Carr, an agricultural politician, a sort of Prof. Stockbridge, and the democratic, "Parson" Fitzgerald.

The horse-disease is rapidly spreading in Pouzhkepsk and vicinity, and not only affects the head and throat, but seems to affect the heart. All of the horses in the city railroad stables are affected, and the cars are running on half-hour time.

George M. Pinyan, late chief clerk for Pay Inspector Rufus C. Spalding, in the navy pay office at San Francisco, is said to have defrauded the government of nearly \$200,000 by means of false vouchers. He has left for Liverpool in a British sailing vessel.

An unnatural mother at Weatherfield, Vt., wouldn't accompany her husband to the circus or allow one of the children to go. The husband went, and when he returned found his wife and children in the influence of poison, administered by his wife. One child is dead.

Richard Robinson, at Newicheton, a few days ago, was arrested, Monday evening, in Williamstown, Conn., where he had obtained work, and taken to Newicheton. He confessed the crime, and attempted to commit suicide by taking poison, but failed.

Street stalls are about to be introduced into London by the committee of the Church of England Temperance Society. In the summer of 1875, a stall of a light but substantial character at a very cheap rate, and in winter a "penny mission" will be established.

When a Nevada photographer wants to make a good picture, he puts the sitter in his place, pulls out a navy revolver, and says, "Now, just sit and smile, and don't move a hair; put on the pleasant expression of contentment, and look right into the muzzle of this revolver. Or I'll blow the top of your head off. My reputation as an artist is at stake, and I don't want no nonsense about this picture."

John Morrissey has sold his club-house in New York for \$40,000, and is understood to have given up the business. John's father died last week at the age of eight-tenths. The old gentleman was in very humble circumstances in life, when his son started out to fight his way to fame and fortune, and the time that the friends of Heenan were endeavoring to provoke young Morrissey to fight their champion, they gave his father such a beating that it determined the son to seek the challenge.

The mills at Fall River opened their doors to the operatives, Monday, and large numbers presented themselves, but all who would not sign the agreements drawn up by the manufacturers were found sitting on the ground. The result was that few of the mills had full force. Many who wished to work being deterred by the threats of those who refused to sign the agreements. Some violence grew out of the affair, and in the afternoon the operatives held a mass meeting in the park, which 10,000 attended, and voted to petition the manufacturers to withdraw the obnoxious agreements; if they refused, a grand union meeting will be held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, the operatives believing, they can gain the sympathy of all who the facts are understood.

Corn Song.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain, Beneath the sun of May, And frightened from our sleeping grain The crows that roam the plain.

Timid Sims - A California Sketch.

"Timid Sims," as he was called, was held in very inferior regard among the boys at Texas Bar, because he had been killed down before a six shooter. A man on Texas Bar might be lacking in many qualities, but if he had "the sand" it covered a multitude of sins.

The Stanislaus was "booming" one spring afternoon at its highest water mark. The Stanislaus, encumbered by their blankets, tinware, tinners, jacks, pots and shovels, came straggling down the Park Hill trail. They stopped and refreshed themselves for a time at the China store, and then, accompanied by Wang Chu, passed themselves and baggage in his boat to be ferried over.

A quarter of a mile below their starting point was the Black Rock, a gigantic boulder, which for centuries had plumed itself against the stream. It was not more than one hundred and fifty rods from the shore, and the Stanislaus at this point was not more than double that distance in width. Here the waters, suddenly narrowed to this compass, hurried rocky walls, rushed rather in a series of great waves or bursts, than in a regular current.

They were now in a narrow channel, two miles in length, and by reason of the rocky walls and raging current, no mining could be successfully accomplished here at the most favorable season. Directly opposite the Black Rock, on a little knoll, was the cabin of Timid Sims. He, in company with a chance partner, was working on the bank near by.

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Perils of the South.

The greatest of them all is that the two races, through the states where slavery formerly existed, will be separated by party lines, and will look upon one another with reciprocal distrust. Sectional differences are bad enough, as we have found in our past history, even when able men, untroubled by the passions and districts of politics, are torn to pieces. In the present case they tend to increase in intensity and bitterness, because the ignorant mass that has just been rescued from slavery must fall under the influence of fear of what will happen if the management of state affairs passes over permanently into the hands of their adversaries.

There was the poor, half submerged creature on the rock, the low cold current striking as it were, to tear him from his hold; and between him and the shore the merciless stream, which could as easily sweep away a thousand men as one. There he remained until near night. Gradually the population of Texas Bar and Hixel's Flat accumulated on the spot. All measures to float him a line by which he might be hauled on shore proved abortive.

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Enticing a Man's Wife Away.

There is one indignant young husband in this city, who has had a very startling experience this month of the widespread power exercised by the clergy of the Roman Catholic church over their people. Some ten months ago the gentleman in question, a respectable, well educated French Canadian, and who had occupied a responsible position on the Grand Trunk railway, married a handsome young girl in this city. The bride was very young, being under sixteen, but the couple lived very happily together. They attended mass quite regularly, at the parish church of Notre Dame, but the husband had not been to confession for a long time; his wife after her marriage also gave up attending the confessional, and this aroused her spiritual adviser to a high sense of his duties, and he took a favorable opportunity of remonstrating with her on the sinful course she was pursuing. She said her husband had not gone to confession and she had followed his example. Eventually and unknown to her liege lord, her feelings were so worked upon by her confessor, that she was induced to leave her husband and to take a trip to Europe. She was seen again, by her husband, at a late date, and she discovered that she had left at the instance of the priest, in order that the godly and ugly might be separated. The injured husband, finding that his future matrimonial happiness was impossible, consulted a prominent Queen's Counsel, who on hearing the details of the case, sent a communication to the Church, stating that his client would take legal proceedings for the recovery of his wife, if she was not allowed to return home. At first there were no signs of the Church backing down, but on the 15th the lady left her retreat and returned home, much to the joy of her husband, after over five days' separation. He and his friends expressed their commendation of the good man's interference with domestic life, and his interference with the sacred ties of matrimony, and that many instances can be given where husband and wife were living separate in obedience to the command of the Church, and that some poor women's hearts had been laid to rest by a partner who neglected his religious duties. Our informant, who considers himself a good Catholic, says that husbands whose family circles are thus outraged as a rule feel to take legal proceedings which would add to the already "great burden of sin" they are bearing in the eyes of the Church. Many are the wives of the priests to keep their followers in subjection, but this separation of man and wife is one of the most daring, being in flagrant violation of the divine precept, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." How can those who do such things, consistently oppose divorce? - Montreal Witness.

God's Waiting.

Grand is the leisure of the earth. She gives her happy myriads birth, And after harvest leaves no dearth, Dreads in the future no wants dim; The white he sits whose name is love, And when the sun did the dew, To see if she would fly to him.

Some Queer Animals.

Before Columbus sailed to bravely off out of sight of land, to discover the half of the world that he felt sure was on the other side, people had very queer ideas about the countries that were beyond Europe. Animals so strange were thought to inhabit them, that almost any story a traveler chose to tell would be believed. Such creatures as Basilisk, Griffin, Mermaid, Siros, Harpies, Centaurs, Unicorn, Phoenix and Dragons, were never seen by any one; but they were written about in poems and stories, and some of them were used in this way to express various symbolic meanings, so that, in writing a book, it seemed difficult to get on without them. One of the most absurd of these animals was the Basilisk, a most unpleasant creature in every way, and not one that could possibly be made a pet. People were silly enough to believe that it came from an egg laid by a very old cock and hatched by a toad, and a lizard's body and tail, eight feet, and wore a king's crown, and a monarch of all the serpents and dragons, who ran away whenever it came near them. Its breath was poison, and the fearful glare of its eyes killed both animals and men whenever they encountered it.

The Basilisk, sometimes called the Cockatrice, lived in the deserts of Africa; it could only live in a desert, for its dreadful breath burned up everything that grew, and he could not venture near it except the weasel, who would bravely fight with it. The weasel got the better of the Basilisk by eating an herb called rue, which poisoned the monster when it bit him - but the poor little weasel always died too. When the Basilisk was dead and buried, as to ashes, people took a little comfort in it, for the weasel, who was said to turn all kinds of metal into gold, and it would seem almost worth while to have a live Basilisk about for the chance of getting a dead one. - St. Nicholas for October.

That Miracle.

Rev. James H. Buckley, a prominent Methodist minister of Brooklyn, doesn't take any stock in that "miracle" by which Rev. H. Platt, a fellow Methodist, claims to have cured a cure of lameness through Miss Mowbray's prayer. He says that Platt, who has been known to estimate for years, really was never sick at all, except so far as his imagination made him so. That he has repeatedly seen him stand and speak for half or three quarters of an hour at a time, without crutch or cane, and that it must have been a pretty poor cure, any way, as Platt admits having felt the pain return several times since. Mr. Buckley thinks that imagination is all that is needed to cure a good many people, and tells how he has himself repeatedly used it with great success; curing a man of the head-ache by simply pressing a silver dollar to his forehead without letting him see it, and telling him that it was a metallic compound, stopping consumption and spasms with bronchial troubles, and on occasion healing a confirmed case of inflammatory rheumatism, causing the swelling to subside instantly, and the distorted finger joints to become straight, by applying a pair of steel knitting needles.

A Faro Bank in Fejee.

Civilization is gradually penetrating the remote corners of the earth. A faro bank has been established in Fejee, and the natives are fascinated with the game. A somewhat odd incident is mentioned in connection with the last match for the championship. A chief became deeply interested in a game, the stakes for which were human beings fated for the table. The chief seemed to be against the chief, but he put up his servant as his challenger. He did not stand a tear over his disaster. He had staked his unmarried sister and his wife's cousin; and the bank ran in his chips. The infuriated chief then offered his baby, and the owner of the bank had it packed down in his chest in less than fifteen minutes. The chief then bet all of his children successively and lost; he staked himself on the last chance, and again bet on the wrong card. When he had time to think it over, the chief said he was convinced that gambling was very wrong, and ought to be suppressed by the authorities. But, before his friends put it to rest, he was asked to put it to rest. A succession of peculiar unaccountable few lunches made that establishment very attractive to the Fejeean epicures for several months afterwards. The name of the chief's family no longer appears in the directory. The faro bank proprietor, however, is inclined to be benevolent, and offers to make very liberal arrangements for the education of his son, who is now much interested in his education. He is expected to enter into his studies. He has intimated to his confidential friends that if he can only get that missionary to play one game, and bet the infant class, he will get up a supper that will disconcert spring chickens entirely.

Chalk.

It is odd to think that a bit of chalk had to be brought all the way from Dover before it can make marks on your walls; but it is wonderful to learn that that bit of chalk is composed of the clay, or shells, of myriads of little animals, the globigerina, that lived and died in the ocean, year after year, ages ago, for hundreds of thousands of years, and the solidified feet above the surface of the sea. The bed of the English Channel is supposed to be of solid chalk, many hundreds of feet thick, extending over to France and cropping up near Paris. Through this soft material the contemplated tunnel is to be bored, the bill authorizing the work having already been passed through the House of Commons.

There is scarcely a trade or profession, work-shop or school, that doesn't find use for a bit of chalk. Great quantities are ground up for whitening and putty, and though it is a humble material, yet nothing supplies its place. There is little or none found in this country; that is used being imported from England, either hard-dried or in blocks as it is quarried, at about ten dollars a ton. - Com. Bulletin.

Why should Washington's birthday be celebrated any more than mine? asked a bachelor school-master of one of his class. A pause of several seconds' duration succeeded the question. When it was again asked, a bright little fellow held up his hand and said: "I know; because you have no children, and he is the father of his country."

When 6,000 Chicago people will turn out to see a dozen young men play ball, and pay two shillings each at the gate, we wonder that Anna Dickinson believes this country is composed of "land, water, fool and women?"

Where ten men will cheerfully lay down their lives for a woman, only one will carry her a scuttle of coal.

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